THE MAGIC AEROPLANE

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A FAIRY TALE

By

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Illustrated

By

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The Magic Aeroplane

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This Book Is Lovingly Dedicated
To a World Full of Children
God Bless Them

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CHAPTER I

THE AEROPLANE

It had been a wonderful Christmas for Tommy. Everything he had asked Santa Claus for had come, and more, too. There was a railroad that ran by electricity, a toy army, a steam engine, a soldier suit, a complete toy circus with a tent, animals, and the funniest clown, named Whoop-la, and many more things, too, but the very best of all was a little aeroplane.

You see, Tommy's Uncle Will was an aviator, and Tommy thought him the most wonderful man in the world, because he had a great big aeroplane in which he could take his friends on a trip to the sky. Tommy often begged to be allowed to go, too, but

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Uncle Will always laughed and said, "I'm afraid not. Why, a little chap like you would be blown away."

But what do you think he did? He made Tommy a toy aeroplane exactly like his own big one and gave it to him for Christmas. Of course, Tommy was delighted and liked that better than anything else he had received, and so he played with it, wishing with all his little heart that it were a real aeroplane and he a great aviator who could fly almost to the sky.

On Christmas afternoon Tommy's father said, "Come, bundle up, every one, and I will take you out for a good old-fashioned sleigh ride.

Mother, Grandmother, and Grandfather "Oh'd" and "Ah'd" and said, "How lovely!" but Tommy, who usually liked sleigh riding, did not wish to go to-day.

"Say, Papa," he coaxed, climbing onto his father's knee, "I'd rather stay home."

"What's the matter, Sonny? Been eating too much candy?"

"No, Daddy, it isn't that, but—I want to play with my aeroplane."

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Tommy's Father laughed heartily.

"Let him stay if he wants to," said Grandmother.
"Christmas comes but once a year."

So Tommy was left at home with no one in the

house but Nora, the cook. Taking his aeroplane and Whoop-la, the clown from the circus, he went into the big front hall and lay down before the nice, warm grate fire.

Tommy never knew how long he had been there

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when the strangest thing happened. The aeroplane began to creak and flutter in the oddest manner, and in a minute he discovered that it was growing larger. This surprised him very much, but that was not all: Whoop-la seemed to be excited, and to Tommy's amazement, started to talk.

"Better take that airship outside," he said. "It will soon grow too large for this room."

Tommy quickly opened the front door and pulled the aeroplane out and stood it upon the ground. It continued to increase in size until it became as large as his Uncle Will's.

Just then Tommy's little playmate, Helen, came tripping across the street.

"Come quick and see what I have!" he cried.

"O Tommy, what is it?" she asked, running up.

"A real, live aer'plane, just like Uncle Will's," answered Tommy, dancing 'round it.

"What'll you do wif' it?"

"Run it, jus' like big men do, and go way up to the sky and—and—I'll play with stars if I want to."

"O Tommy," gasped Helen, "will you really?"

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"You bet," said Tommy.

"Can't I go, too?" begged Helen. "I'd jus' love to see what a star feels like."

"I don't know 'bout takin' a girl. Uncle Will never does."

"That's 'cause they're all 'fraid. Mamma said so. But I'm not 'tall 'fraid, really. Please take me."

"Well, perhaps. Wait 'till I get my hat and coat on." And Tommy disappeared into the house, returning in a few minutes to find—Helen and her kitten, Kitty, his pet dove, Fly, and Whoop-la, the clown, all in the aeroplane.

"Say, look here," cried Tommy, "I can't take so many of you. One passenger is all Uncle Will ever takes at a time."

"I can fly," cooed Fly, rising and fluttering above the aeroplane.

Kitty snuggled closer to Helen.

"Tommy," said Whoop-la with a grin, "if it were not for me your flying machine would still be in the house; besides, I might miss something if I remained at home."

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“They don’t weigh hardly anythin’,” pleaded Helen.

“We’ll try it,” said Tommy, who was anxious to be off. “I guess it will be all right.”

Then he set the motor in motion, as he had seen his Uncle Will do, and in a few seconds all were ready to start.

There was a great fluttering, while the aeroplane, lightly and swiftly as a bird, arose from the ground, sailing higher and higher towards the blue sky, leaving the Earth far behind.

CHAPTER II

MARS

It is a wonder that the bold little aviators were not frightened at the terrible speed at which they flew through the air. Kitty held on with her claws, but it is a mystery how Whoop-la ever managed, for he insisted upon standing up, and if he hadn't been a clown in a circus, I'm sure he would have fallen off. And Fly had to fly just as fast as she knew how, to keep up with the aeroplane.

"Isn't this splendid?" she cooed, flying down upon Tommy's shoulder.

At this Kitty raised herself angrily and meowed:

"Well, I think it is perfectly awful, and for my part I would rather be safe at home."

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“Huh!” cooed Fly in disgust; “isn’t that just like a cat! Why, this is the best fly I ever had.”

“You’d better be careful,” said Whoop-la; “I’ve heard of cats eating birds.”

“Be quiet, and don’t quarrel,” said Tommy.

“Isn’t this lovely?” exclaimed Helen. “But, where are we going?”

“I don’t know yet. Where shall we go?” asked Tommy as he grasped a lever in a bold and manly fashion.

“O Tommy,” cried Helen, looking down. “See where the Earth is!”

All that could be seen was a little black speck.

Then, as they looked up the aeroplane passed right through a big white cloud. Helen was very much surprised, because she always had thought that clouds were made of white cotton, but instead this one was like a thick fog, and when they came out of it everything was covered with drops of water.

“You won’t catch me out on a trip like this again,” meowed Kitty as she shook herself in disgust.

“How funny you are,” cooed Fly. “Why, this is

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fine. I've always wanted to go above the clouds, and here we are."

Whoop-la looked up very seriously, and placing his finger on his forehead, as if in great thought, he recited:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
We'll find out just what you are."

"That sounds like 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star';" said Helen. "Only it's like this—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder—"

"Oh, lookey;" interrupted Tommy, pointing ahead of him to a great round ball that loomed up in front of them.

"That must be the Earth again," cried Helen.

"No, that cannot be," corrected Whoop-la, "because the Earth is on the other side of the clouds, way below us."

"That must be right," said Tommy. "You're pretty wise for a clown."

"I've been up in the air a great many times," answered Whoop-la with a grin.

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"You see, in the circus I turned double somersaults."

As they drew nearer the strange land the aeroplane circled round and round, and gradually approached what appeared to be a garden of beautiful, gigantic flowers.

The two little youngsters had never seen anything like it, and they clapped their hands for joy.

If Tommy's Uncle Will could have been there to see the way his little nephew landed his machine, he would have been very proud of him.

"I'm going to investigate," said Fly, and away she went.

Kitty sprang gladly to the ground, while Whoop-la gave a yell and turned a double somersault from the aeroplane.

Then Tommy and Helen got out and began to explore this queer but lovely place. It was summer there, for the grass was very green, and all around them, as far as they could see, were gorgeous flowers almost as big as people. A warm gentle breeze was blowing, and they could hear the murmur of many little voices.

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“It’s awful warm here,” said Tommy. “Let’s take off our coats.”

“All right,” said Helen.

Fly flew hither and thither, finally lighting upon one of the huge flowers.

“Oh!” she cooed excitedly, “all these flowers are full of little people.”

“Let’s see,” cried the children. Tommy took hold of a flower, and they both peeped into it.

Now, what do you think they saw? The sweetest little creature imaginable!

“It must be a Fairy,” said Helen in an awed tone.

“No, I’m not a Fairy,” a tiny voice sang. “I’m just a Marvel.”

“A Marvel! Why, what is that?” asked Tommy.

“A person who lives on Mars is called a Marvel,” she answered. “But who are you?”

“We’re Tommy and Helen.”

“What star are you from?”

“We’re not from any star,” replied Tommy. “We’re from the Earth.”

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Why, you funny things," laughed the tiny creature. "The Earth is a star."

"Oh, is it?" they asked in surprise.

"Why, of course," she said. "Now I know you are Earth Children, because 'grown-ups' all know that. How did you get here?"

"In my aer'plane," answered Tommy proudly.

"What is that?"

"A flying machine," explained Tommy. "Come, and I'll show it to you."

By this time, out of every flower peeped a little creature, curious to see these strange guests, who were like giants to them.

It was not long before the news of the Earth Children's arrival had reached the furthestmost corners of Mars, and from every direction came beautiful, large-winged insects, very much like our butterflies, and each one carried on its back a tiny Marvel.

The children were given a very cordial welcome to Mars.

In the meantime, Fly was interested in the butterflies, which the Marvels called Wings. Kitty was

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slyly looking on and wishing she could catch one of them.

But Whoop-la was speechless with admiration for all these beautiful little creatures who were just

his size. In fact, he stood so still that the Marvels thought him only a wooden doll until he smiled at one of the Marvel girls, who was peeping at him from a yellow flower.

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A large Wing approached and fluttered just between the two children. On its back was a tiny man, who bowed low to them, saying sweetly:

“Her Majesty, the Queen of Mars, has learned of the arrival of the Earth Children, and she requests their presence at the Castle Flower where she has prepared honey and dew for them.”

The little man, who was one of the Queen’s pages, led the way, while they all followed, and soon arrived at a huge flower, in front of which stood the tiny Queen, gowned in the soft petals of a purple flower.

“You dear Earth Children,” she cried, “I’m so glad to see you! You must be very tired and hungry after your long journey.”

With that, she took them to a regular doll’s table, on which were little plates with squares of honey and many small bowls, each filled with a dewdrop.

Although Tommy and Helen ate ten times more honey and drank more dewdrops than any of the Marvels, they still were hungry and far from satisfied, but being polite children, they said nothing.

Fly drank some dewdrops and seemed content.

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Kitty was plainly disgusted, and really acted in a very rude manner. But Whoop-la was never happier. The Marvel that he had smiled at before, had confided to him that her name was Laloo, and Whoop-la was telling her of himself and his circus. I must say, he drew greatly on his imagination, but Laloo believed everything he said and thought him a very important person.

Next, the Queen showed them some beds she had prepared for them made of the petals of sweet perfumed flowers, and Helen and Tommy were glad enough to rest, for they began to feel drowsy.

Fly tucked her head under her wing, while Kitty cuddled down beside Helen.

But Whoop-la did not wish to rest. In all his life he never had met any one like Laloo, so they sat under a nodding flower and he told her of Toyland and the many adventures he encountered while there.

After the Moon arose, little shapes danced in and out of the shifting shadows and silvery voices sang the sweetest songs imaginable.

At midnight Helen awoke, and her eyes opened

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in wonder at the marvelous beauty of the scene.

“O Tommy,” she cried, waking him, “isn’t it jus’ too beau’ful?”

“You bet! It’s great. I wish my mother could see it.”

“I wish mine could, too,” said Helen wistfully. “She’d jus’ love it. But, Tommy, I’m ’fraid I couldn’t stay here very long at a time, ’cause they don’t have ’nough to eat. I’m awful hungry.”

“So’m I,” confessed Tommy. “We’ll have to go in the morning.”

“Say,” exclaimed Helen as a thought struck her, “I forgot—but our mothers ’ll be worryin’ ’bout us.”

“That’s so,” agreed Tommy. “Perhaps we’d better go now. The Moon is so bright we can see as well as in the daytime.”

Then they went to the Queen and explained to her that they would have to go.

The little creature was very sorry to hear they could not stay, but, of course, she did not wish them to worry their mothers.

And so they prepared to start.

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The little Marvels ceased their singing and gathered around them while they put on their coats and hats.

Fly did not like being disturbed, neither did Kitty, but when she heard they were going home she remembered the warm grate fire and the saucer of milk, and then she was indeed glad.

But Whoop-la was in despair, as was also Laloo. The little Marvel begged him to stay on Mars forever, and he would have been content to do so, but he thought of the Toy Circus and knew that his place was there.

Finally the clown said to Tommy:

"Laloo wishes me to stay here, and I think I will."

But Tommy would not consider it.

"No," he said to Whoop-la; "you belong to my Toy Circus that Santa Claus brought me."

"But I can't bear to leave Laloo," said the poor clown wringing his hands.

"Why don't you let him bring her with us?" suggested Helen, turning to Tommy. "Then I can

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have her for a real live doll, if she wouldn't object."

"Jus' the thing," said Tommy, brightening.

Whoop-la turned a double somersault.

"Hooray!" he cried. "Then I shall have Laloo and the circus too. I'll train her to ride the horses. Will you come, Laloo?"

Laloo blushingly consented.

At first the Marvels would not let Laloo go, but when Tommy and Helen and the jubilant Whoop-la all promised to be very good to her, they consented and hoped she would be happy on the Earth Star.

Then Tommy got them all comfortably settled in the aeroplane, and for the second time he steered for the open sky.

CHAPTER III

THE MOON

The aeroplane had not gone very far before poor Tommy found he could not steer it. Something had gone wrong, but he said nothing for fear of frightening Helen.

As they flew on and on through the air, he patiently tugged and pulled at the steering wheel, but could not budge it.

Whoop-la, however, knew that something was amiss.

“What’s the matter, Tommy?” he whispered.

“Can’t move the wheel,” was the reply.

“Look!” exclaimed Whoop-la. “We’re going directly towards the Moon.”

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And so they were, for the Moon was growing larger and brighter, while the air was becoming colder every minute.

Helen took Laloo and put her inside her coat, fearing that the little Marvel would be chilled.

"I don't know what to do," said Tommy, very much alarmed. "It won't be long before we bump."

Just at this minute the aeroplane struck the Moon at a slant, sliding easily on the ice.

The Moon certainly was a queer place. Everything appeared to be made of ice or snow. The trees were simply inverted icicles, and the hills looked like mounds of ice cream.

"Oh, look at the snow men!" cried Helen, pointing to a group of about twenty stolid looking objects made entirely of snow.

"They look like the ones we make at home, Helen," said Tommy. "Wonder if there are any children here?"

"They're alive!" screamed Helen, for the snow men suddenly started walking toward them.

These strange creatures looked so cross and

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unsociable that the children were dreadfully scared.

“Howdy do?” said Tommy politely as they drew near, but the Moon creatures seemed to resent the arrival of the aeroplane and its little passengers, for they stopped in front of them, making no reply, while they stared in the rudest fashion.

Whoop-la noticed that one of the Moon people was unlike the rest, and was weeping. He had a very kind face, and he stood apart from his companions.

“See,” said the clown, “that one over there seems to be melting. Speak to him, Tommy, for he has a pleasant face.”

So Tommy went up to him and said, “What’s the matter with all these fellows? They don’t seem very glad to see us.”

Streams of water now poured from the snow man, and he was fast becoming thinner every minute, which was extremely odd, for the air was freezing cold.

“I am your friend,” whispered he, throwing himself into a snowbank and rolling in it until he became quite fat.

“Now,” said the snow man rising with a satisfied

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air, "who are you, and where did you come from?"

"We're from the Earth," answered Tommy, "and we want to get back there."

The funny creature looked startled for a second, and Tommy noticed that he was beginning to melt again.

"You poor little things!" he said with a great warmth of feeling in his voice. "I'll help you all I can."

Helen joined them in time to hear this last remark.

"Oh, you dear man!" she cried enthusiastically. "How kind you are!"

"You're great!" said Tommy.

"Stop! Stop!" cried the snow man beginning to melt again. "Don't appeal to my sympathy too much, for I have a very warm heart, and it is all I can do to keep covered. If I am to help you I can't be forever rolling in the snow."

"What's your name?" Tommy asked his new-found friend.

"My name is Sunna," he replied, "and I am the son of the Sun Chief. I used to live on the Sun,

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where everything is lovely and warm, but one day I was sliding on a ray of sunshine and fell off, landing here. At first I suffered a great deal, but after awhile I became used to the ice and snow.

“Whenever I fall asleep I dream of the beautiful Sun and wish I were there. Now, if you can come from the Earth to the Moon, you can surely go from the Moon to the Sun, and take me with you; that is, if you ever get away from here, for you are in a most dangerous place. Another thing, Jack Frost, who I have heard catches children and cruelly pinches their ears and nips their toes, is here to-day getting a load of icicles to take back to the Earth. He lives here when it is summer time on the Earth—oh, there he comes now!”

Tommy saw approaching them from behind a snow hill, a little sharp-featured man, who smiled wickedly when he caught sight of the small strangers, and straightway danced toward them.

“Run!” cried Sunna.

Now, Tommy needed no second warning, so taking Laloo in his arms, and catching Helen by the

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hand, he ran as fast as he could after Sunna, who led the way.

Fly flew overhead and Kitty bounded along beside Helen, but, alas! poor Whoop-la tripped and fell into a snowbank and was left behind.

Jack Frost then signaled to the Moon people, or Moonlites, to follow him, and they all chased after the children.

In a few minutes Sunna stopped running.

"They cannot catch us now," he said. "Jack Frost can only dance along, and the Moonlites are so heavy that they are rather slow."

Laloo moaned pitifully, and Tommy realized that something must be done for her, so he took off his coat and wrapped her in it. Then he gave the little Marvel to Helen, who cuddled her tenderly in her arms.

"I shall finish my story now," said Sunna. "You see, the Sunlites, or Sun people are bitter enemies of Jack Frost. When I first came here no one saw me for a couple of days, and when they did, I was covered with snow and looked like the rest of these Moonlites.

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However, my heart remained as warm as when I was on the Sun. I never have gone very near these people, for fear they might discover the warmth of my heart. If they did, they would crowd around me until my heart turned to ice like theirs. In that case I could never return to the Sun and live, as the heat

would kill me instantly. As it is, I am still safe. If these cruel creatures ever catch any of us, they certainly will hold us until we turn to ice, for they hate anything that is warm."

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"How terr'ble!" gasped Helen, trembling, her eyes growing as big as saucers from fright.

"Oh, where is Whoop-la?" asked Laloo suddenly.

At this, they all turned round, and for the first time they discovered that the clown was missing.

"He's gone!" wailed Helen.

It seemed to Tommy that his heart stopped beating. He had grown to love Whoop-la, who, though posing as a senseless clown, was really very wise, it seemed to Tommy. More than once he had helped the little fellow out of some difficulty, with his advice.

"I must find Whoop-la," said Tommy, starting back.

"O Tommy," sobbed Helen, "don't leave me all 'lone, or I'll cry myself to pieces! I'm jus' awful 'fraid."

Tommy hesitated. What should he do? At last he decided that his first duty was to Helen.

"Look! Look!" cooed Fly from above. "Here they all come! Jack Frost is leading."

Again they started to run.

"I have an idea," said Sunna suddenly. "We'll

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let them follow us, and then we will return in a round-about way to your—what do you call it?”

“Aer’plane,” prompted Tommy.

“Your aeroplane,” continued Sunna, “and before they can catch up with us, we will sail away from the Moon.”

This seemed the best thing to do, so they ran as fast as they could—Tommy carrying Kitty, and Helen carrying Laloo, while Fly kept them informed how far behind their enemies were.

After running for about ten minutes, they saw the aeroplane before them, and upon reaching it Sunna and Helen climbed in, and Tommy put Kitty in Helen’s lap.

“Now,” said Tommy, decidedly, “I must find Whoop-la.”

“I’ll try and find him,” cooed Fly.

“All right,” answered Tommy. “I must see to this wheel.”

The wheel was soon fixed, and the aeroplane in readiness to start.

Then Tommy set out to find his clown.

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"Oh," cooed Fly excitedly, "I can see the Moon-lites coming! We must hurry and get away quick!"

But Tommy stumbled on, looking for Whoop-la.

"Oh Whoop-la, Whoop-la!" he sobbed in desperation. "Where are you?"

"Here I am," said a voice at Tommy's feet—and there was the clown stuck fast in a snowbank.

"Don't bother about me, Tommy," he said bravely. "Hurry, or they will get you!"

"No, no!" cried the little boy, his heart nearly breaking as he tried to pull the clown out of the icy snow. "I can't—I can't leave you, Whoop-la."

"You must," said the clown sternly. "There are others to be considered."

"Come here, Sunna!" shouted Tommy. "Help me get him out of here!"

Sunna hurried to the rescue.

"There is no time," cried Whoop-la so forcibly that he loosened the ice and snow around him, and Tommy, catching him up in his arms, ran quickly back to the aeroplane, followed by Sunna.

Hurriedly the little aviator started his machine,

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and he was not a minute too soon, for Jack Frost and the Moonlites came running up just as they sailed away.

This made the cruel creatures so angry that they picked up moonstones and threw them at the aeroplane, but, fortunately, not one struck it.

CHAPTER IV

THE SUN

“Now for the Sun, my beautiful, warm home!” cried the happy Sunna, as Tommy, true to his promise, steered straight for that glowing yellow ball.

“You poor thing!” said Helen to Sunna, “how you must have missed your mamma!”

“I have missed her very much,” said Sunna, “and my father, too, who is the Sun Chief.”

“Oh, is the Sun Chief your father?” asked Laloo. “I have heard that he is a very warm-hearted man.”

“Will he give me a bowl of milk?” meowed Kitty, licking her whiskers.

“And will he give me some grain and water?” cooed Fly.

“You can have a chocolate Sundae, Kitty,” said

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Sunna, "and Fly can have Sunshine cake. That is all we have to eat on the Sun."

Tommy and Helen looked knowingly at each other.

"Gee!" said Tommy, "that's jus' what we like, isn't it, Helen?"

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed. "Goody, goody!"

"What do you eat, Mr. Whoop-la?" asked Sunna.

"I never eat anything at all," replied the clown, "which makes it very convenient, as I never get hungry."

"As for me," piped up the sweet little voice of Laloo, "I have always lived on honey and dewdrops."

On and on the aeroplane sped through the sky, passing many little worlds in the distance, and Tommy figured that it would not be long before they reached the Sun, as the air was rapidly becoming warmer, while the light was almost dazzling to their eyes.

"Goodness, gracious!" cried Sunna suddenly, "look at me now!"

Oh, what a strange sight he was! All the snow had melted from him, and he was of a bright yellow

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hue, while around his sunny face rays of Sunshine beamed forth.

"Oh, how awful funny you look!" laughed the children.

"I think he is pretty," said Laloo.

"What an odd creature!" Whoop-la remarked. "His face looks like a little sun."

"How nice and warm you are now," purred Kitty. "You are almost as good as a grate fire."

"Good-bye," cooed Fly, flapping her wings. "I'll go on ahead."

"We are almost there," shouted Sunna, dancing for joy.

The aeroplane drew nearer and nearer, and finally landed beside a sunflower grove.

Hardly had they touched the ground, when hundreds of Sunlites came running up, and, recognizing the long lost son of their Sun Chief, they pranced round him calling him by name.

It was but a few minutes before the Sun Chief himself arrived and joyfully clasped his beloved son in his arms.

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Then Sunna told of his adventures on the Moon and of his narrow escape with the little aviators.

The Sun Chief turned to Tommy.

“So you are the brave lad to whom I owe the return of my son, Sunna?” he said, shaking Tommy warmly by the hand.

“But Sunna saved us, too,” said Tommy; “so you see, we’re ’bout even.”

“Not much!” cried the Sun Chief in a big hearty voice. “All of you come with me to Sunbeam Castle and I will give you the best of everything under the Sun. But first,” he added, “you had better remove your warm coats. This is a pretty hot place, you will find.”

The children gladly took them off; also their caps, leggings, and rubbers, and put them under the seat in the aeroplane. Then they all started for Sunbeam Castle, the Chief taking Tommy and Helen each by the hand and leading the way.

Along a wide, smooth road they went, passing several tiny lakes full of little Sunfish. Then they came to a Sunlite who wore a large baker’s apron and

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stood near a long row of freshly-baked cakes.

“What is he doing?” asked Tommy.

“That is a baker,” the Sun Chief explained, “and he is baking Sunshine cake with the heat from his head. All the hot-headed Sunlites are bakers.”

“Oh, how awful funny!” said Helen.

This struck Tommy, also, as being very ridiculous, and both the children laughed merrily.

The baker looked up from his baking and gave them a Sunny smile as they passed him.

Soon straight ahead of them they saw a beautiful castle made of Sunbeams and studded with Sunbursts.

“Isn’t that jus’ too beau’ful?” gasped Helen.

“It certainly is great,” agreed Tommy, admiringly.

Sunna’s mother came to meet them. She was a Sunny-faced person who wore a Sunbonnet and beamed with good nature. She had heard of the arrival of Sunna and had come to welcome him.

How happy all the Sunlites were because Sunna was again with them!

What a cheering and shouting they made, while

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the luminous Sundogs barked for joy. First one Sunlite and then another would embrace Tommy, until the little fellow was so hot that the perspiration rolled down his face like tears.

The children were taken into the Sun-parlor of

Sunbeam castle, while the Sun Chief and his wife made arrangements for a Sun festival, which they decided must be held in honor of the little aviators.

In a few minutes a Sunlite entered with a huge tray. On it were several dishes of chocolate Sundae and a large plate of Sunshine cake.

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Then what a feast the children had! Tommy and Helen each ate two Sundaes and two large pieces of cake. Dainty little Laloo ate only one spoonfull of the ice cream and a few tiny specks of cake. Kitty lapped up some melted ice cream, while Fly ate up all the crumbs.

Soon the Sun Chief came in.

"Well, children, have you had enough to eat?" he asked.

"Yes, thank you," they answered together.

"Sunna and his mother are inviting all the Sunlites to the Sun Festival," said the Sun Chief.

"I think this is jus' a lovely place," said Helen.

"Yes, it is," replied the Sun Chief. "You see, here we all have Sunny dispositions and bright, beaming faces, for every day is Sunday. I wish you would explain to me," he continued, "how you happen to be traveling round the skies."

So Tommy told of his aeroplane and of the many adventures he and his passengers had experienced.

The Sun Chief was deeply interested in all Tommy told him about the different kinds of people

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who lived upon the Earth, Mars, and the Moon.

While Helen and Tommy were talking to the Sun Chief, Whoop-la, Laloo, Kitty, and Fly went outdoors and sat under a large red Sunshade which stood beside a lake.

"I am rather tired of this place," said Whoop-la. "There are no circuses here at all."

"It is too warm for me," sighed Laloo. "It makes me feel quite faint."

"I am very comfortable," purred Kitty, blinking her eyes.

"Well," cooed Fly, "I am glad that you are at last satisfied, for you have not seemed to enjoy our travels."

Suddenly Laloo gave a little gasp and fell backwards upon the ground, as if in a deep sleep.

Whoop-la ran to her aid.

"I fear the heat of this place has been too much for my little Laloo," he said sadly. "I wish Tommy would leave the Sun."

Kitty only blinked her eyes, but Fly fluttered her wings excitedly.

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“What can I do for her?” she cooed. “Tell me!”

“You can tell Tommy to come here quickly,” answered the clown.

Fly promptly delivered the message, and both Tommy and Helen hurried out to see what was the trouble.

“My poor Laloo!” cried the distracted clown. “Tell me, what is the matter with her, Tommy!”

“Oh, dear!” wailed Helen, picking up the limp form of the little Marvel. “My darling Laloo, speak to me!”

The Sun Chief came running up.

“She’ll be all right,” he said. “She has only a Sunstroke. On the Sun that is not a dangerous condition. Just let her sleep.”

This comforted Helen, and she put Laloo back upon the ground.

Sunna and a number of the Sunlites came to bid the little strangers come to the Sun Festival.

The children were naturally curious to see what this was, but they disliked to leave Laloo alone.

However, Whoop-la told them that he would

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rather stay with her than go to a hundred festivals.

Kitty was too contented to stir, but Fly, the curious, went with the children.

The Sun Festival, which was held in Sunbeam Castle, was a very brilliant affair. Hundreds of jolly Sunlites were present, rejoicing over the return of Sunna.

Helen, Tommy and Fly were warmly greeted and made the guests of honor. The two children were placed in golden chairs on either side of the Sun Chief, in the middle of a very large room.

One by one all the Sunlites knelt before Tommy and thanked him for rescuing Sunna from the cruel Moonlites, which made Helen very proud of her playmate.

When this was over, chocolate Sundae and Sunshine cake were served, after which the Sunlites all gathered about the throne and began a wonderful dance.

Round and round they danced, faster and faster, until they looked like one mass of flame.

The heat from them became so intense and the

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light so dazzling, that all of a sudden Helen toppled over, as Laloo had done, in a deep sleep.

Tommy was, of course, alarmed. Carrying Helen out into the fresh air, he placed her beside Laloo, who still was asleep in spite of Whoop-la's efforts to arouse her.

"Tommy," warned the clown solemnly, "the first thing you know you will have a Sunstroke yourself, and then what shall we do? You are the only one of us that can run the aeroplane, so I think we ought to leave here immediately. Besides, think how worried your mother must be about you."

"Perhaps you are right," said Tommy thoughtfully. "I will try to wake Helen."

But this he could not do.

Finally, the little fellow started toward the castle to find the Chief and tell him of his decision to leave the Sun.

Before reaching the castle, Tommy began to feel a peculiar dizziness himself. This alarmed him, for he feared a Sunstroke, so he started to run, nearly bumping into Sunna, who had come in search of him.

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"Why, what is the matter, Tommy?" Sunna asked.

"I'm 'fraid of falling asleep," replied Tommy, "and I have come to tell your father that Whoop-la and I think we had all better leave now."

Sunna was very sorry that his little friends could not remain longer, and when the Sun Chief was told of their intended departure, he, also, was greatly disappointed, but he agreed that it would be the best for them to get out of the intense heat.

"But before you go, Tommy," he said kindly, taking the little fellow by the hand, "I want to give you something to show my appreciation of your kindness to Sunna. Here is a small gift," and he placed an exquisite diamond Sunburst in Tommy's hand, saying, "You can take it to your mother."

"Oh, thank you," cried Tommy in delight, "I would rather have that than anything else," and he put it carefully in his pocket. "And now we want to go back to the Earth, but how'll we know the way?"

"We have many rays of Sunshine which go directly to the Earth," replied the Sun Chief, "and all

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you will have to do is to follow one of these rays until you reach there."

"That's fine," said Tommy. "I'll go and get my aeroplane and land it near Helen, for she is too heavy to carry all the way to the Sunflower grove."

"I'll go, too, and ride back with you," said Sunna.

"Come on," cried Tommy, and they started off together.

In a few minutes they reached the Sunflower grove and found the aeroplane just where they left it.

Tommy soon had the machine in readiness.

"All aboard!" he called, and off they flew.

It took but a minute to reach the castle in the swift little aeroplane, and it was not more than ten minutes before Tommy had Helen comfortably settled in it. Whoop-la carried Laloo and put her gently down beside Helen, and Kitty nestled between the two, while Fly perched herself upon Tommy's shoulder.

Tommy was then instructed to follow a certain ray of Sunshine which went directly to the Earth.

As the aeroplane arose lightly from the ground, the Sunlites waved a dazzling good-bye.

CHAPTER V

TOYLAND

The aeroplane had not sailed far from the Sun when the air became quite cool, so Tommy put on his cap and coat.

"Laloo is awake!" cried Whoop-la joyfully.

"Oh, dear, where am I?" asked the little Marvel, rubbing her eyes.

"We are on our way to the Earth, where the Toy Circus is," replied the clown.

Just then Helen, sighing heavily, opened her eyes, too.

"We're on our way home, Helen," explained Tommy. "You fell asleep on the Sun. Better put your coat on, because it's getting colder every minute."

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“Keep your eye on that ray of Sunshine,” warned Whoop-la. “We don’t want to get lost.”

“All right,” said Tommy. “We’re going as fast as we can now.”

This certainly was true, for the aeroplane was flying so swiftly that it almost took their breath away.

On and on they went along the ray of Sunshine, until the Earth appeared before them, at first like a tiny ball, then growing larger and larger every minute.

Finally they were near enough to distinguish a vast expanse of snow, in the middle of which stood a strange looking city surrounded by a high stone wall.

Tommy slackened his speed.

“This must be the Earth,” he said, “but I never saw anything like that before.”

Whoop-la was looking intently at the city. Clapping his hands, he turned to Tommy and cried,

“Why, that is Toyland, the most beautiful city in the world.”

“Toyland!” exclaimed the children. “Where is that?”

“It is right near the North Pole,” replied the

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clown. "You see, after Santa Claus makes the Toys, he takes them to Toyland, and they stay there until just before Christmas, when he comes again and selects his gifts for all the children in the world."

"Did you ever live there?" asked Helen.

"Certainly I did," answered Whoop-la, "and I was very sorry to leave. It is a splendid city."

By this time Tommy had brought the aeroplane to the ground. As it alighted, they saw marching toward them a Company of Tin Soldiers.

"Halt!" cried the Captain. "You can't land here. None but Toys are permitted to enter the City of Toyland."

Whoop-la stepped forward.

"I am a clown from a Toy circus," he said. "My name is Whoop-la, and I was made by Santa Claus."

"Who are these other people?" demanded the Captain.

"This is Tommy," replied Whoop-la, pointing to the boy. "I was given to him last Christmas."

The Captain looked Tommy over keenly, and, after a moment's hesitation, inquired: "Are you fond

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of your Toys, and always careful of them?"

"Yes, I am very fond of them," replied Tommy, smiling at the little Toy clown.

"As for the rest of your party," continued the Captain, "who are they?"

"One is Helen, Tommy's playmate," said the clown. "Another is Laloo, whom I love, and the dove belongs to Tommy, and the cat to Helen."

"Well, what do you wish?" asked the Captain.

"We want to go home," replied Tommy. "Can you show us the way?"

"No, I cannot," was the answer. "The only ones around here who can do that are Santa Claus and the Fairy Dra. Come with me and we will consult her."

They followed the Captain to a small house covered with tinsel, which stood just outside of Toy-land.

After knocking several times, the door was opened by a sweet-faced Fairy all dressed in white, carrying in her hand a silver wand.

"What is it you wish?" she asked the Tin Captain.

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“Oh, good Fairy Dra, here are two children who want to get back to their homes, but do not know the way.”

“How did they lose their way?” inquired the Fairy.

“We went for a trip in my aer’plane,” spoke up Tommy, “and got lost.”

“Alas, I cannot help you,” said the Fairy, “but Santa Claus knows where all the little boys and girls in the whole world live. He visits Toyland very often. I think you had better wait here until he comes, and then he will show you the way home. I will give you some Magic Candy which will make you the same size as the dolls. You can then live in a Doll house and sleep in the Dolls’ beds.”

Helen clapped her hands for joy.

“Such fun!” she cried.

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“Is that a Doll?” asked the Fairy Dra, pointing to Laloo.

“Oh, no,” said Helen, “that is Laloo. She is a little person.”

“I didn’t know there were such tiny people in the world,” remarked the Fairy.

“There aren’t,” replied Whoop-la. “This one came from a star in the sky.”

“How very odd!” said the Fairy. “But I don’t understand how she happens to be here.”

“Why,” explained Tommy, “we have been to Mars and the Moon, and now have just come from the Sun.”

The Fairy Dra opened her eyes wide in astonishment.

“I have never heard of such wonderful children,” she gasped. “Well,” she continued, “if you have been kind to your Toys, you will be allowed to visit the City of Toyland. I shall find out.”

With that she waved her wand and a Tin Soldier appeared.

“Go,” she commanded, “to the Home of Discarded

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Toys and bring to me two or three old Toys that once belonged to Tommy and Helen."

The Tin Soldier, after saluting, disappeared.

In a few minutes a Toy Automobile came whizzing through the City Gate and stopped in front of the Fairy Dra. In it was an old Doll of Helen's. One eye was gone, and her wig was missing, too; but she looked very happy when she saw the little girl.

"Elizabeth," said the Fairy, addressing the Doll, "I want you to tell me how Helen treated her Toys while you were with her."

"She was always kind to me, even after I became old and worn," said the Doll. "I was sent to the Home of Discarded Toys by her mother."

"Thank you," said the Fairy, dismissing her.

Slowly an old dilapidated Hobby Horse, carrying on its back a wornout Teddy Bear came through the gate and stopped in front of the Fairy.

"Did you send for us?" asked the Teddy Bear.

"I did," answered the Fairy Dra. "Do you remember this little boy?" pointing to Tommy.

The Teddy Bear turned his head.

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"Oh, yes," he replied, "that is Tommy. I came to him about four years ago and lived with him for two years, until one day Tommy's mother cleaned out his Toy Box and sent several of his oldest playthings to the Home of Discarded Toys. This Hobby Horse and I were among them."

"Was Tommy always kind and careful of you?" questioned the Fairy.

"Always," replied the Teddy Bear and the Hobby Horse decidedly.

"Very well," said the Fairy, "you may go now."

Then she waved her wand again, and a Tin Soldier was at her side in an instant.

"Bring me the Magic Candy," she said to him.

He went into the house, returning quickly with a small pink box filled with peppermints. Then the Fairy Dra gave one to each of the children.

"After you eat this Magic Candy," she explained, "you will begin to shrink until you are no larger than ordinary sized Dolls, after which you will be allowed to enter the City of Toyland. When you leave Toyland, I will change you back to your full size."

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She waved her wand slowly backward and forward over the children, and they became smaller and smaller and smaller until they were the same size as Laloo.

“Oh, I feel so funny,” laughed Helen.

“So do I,” said Tommy.

“Goodness me,” exclaimed Whoop-la, “now we’re all the same size!”

“Now Helen and I will have a chance to become acquainted,” said Laloo in her sweet little voice.

“Well,” meowed Kitty petulantly, “I certainly shall never be able to understand all the queer things that have happened on this trip.”

“You don’t need to understand,” cooed Fly. “You are only a cat, anyway.”

Kitty’s eyes gleamed angrily at the dove.

“Be careful, Fly,” warned Whoop-la, “that cat would eat you if she catches you.”

“I am not afraid,” cooed Fly. “I have wings.”

“Will my aer’plane be safe here?” Tommy asked the Tin Soldier.

“Certainly,” replied the Captain. “Now you may

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all go into Toyland and try to enjoy yourselves.”

Bidding the Fairy Dra good-bye, the little visitors went through the City Gate.

What a strange sight met their eyes!

Toyland was like an immense room, and it was heated by an underground furnace. The streets were lined with Toy Trees and covered with a soft green carpet. Toy Automobiles ran up and down the avenues; Trains of Cars whizzed by, and even Toy Aeroplanes flew about overhead.

“Come,” said Whoop-la, “follow me, for I know the city well.”

Then he led them down a street on either side of which were Toy Bakery Shops, Grocery Stores, and Theatres.

They passed many beautiful Dolls who smiled sweetly at them; Teddy Bears who squeaked a greeting; Woolly Dogs who barked and frisked round them; Cloth Cats who stared in surprise at Kitty; and a Toy Policeman who stood near a Toy Patrol Box, twirling his club.

Soon they came to a small Doll House painted

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green. Beside the door hung a bird cage, and in it was a cute little Toy Canary Bird. Kitty's eyes narrowed when she saw it, for, of course, she thought it was a real live bird.

Standing quickly on her hind legs, she put her paw inside the cage and caught the poor little thing with her claws, breaking one of its wings.

No sooner had Kitty done this, than the Toy Policeman, seeing what had happened, stepped into the patrol box and called for a squad of policemen.

"Kitty, you bad cat," cried Helen angrily, "just see what you have done! You ought to be spanked."

"Oh, I am not afraid of you now," meowed Kitty. "You are so small I could eat you up."

This was very true, for Kitty was as big as a tiger would be to a grown person.

Suddenly the clanging of a bell was heard, and round the corner dashed a Toy Patrol Wagon filled with Doll Policemen.

Instantly they surrounded Kitty, and placing handcuffs on her paws, they bundled her into the patrol wagon.

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They acted so quickly that she had no time to resist, and the children were speechless with surprise.

“Serves her right,” cooed Fly, “for trying to hurt a bird!”

“Policemen at home don’t do things as quickly as that,” said Tommy.

“I don’t want them to hurt my Kitty,” sobbed Helen.

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"They will not hurt her," Whoop-la assured the little girl.

"No," spoke up a Toy Policeman who stood near by, "they will not hurt her but they will keep her locked up in a Toy Fort until you take her away. One of the rules of the city is that any one who is unkind to a Toy, or breaks it, is not allowed to remain in Toyland."

"Oh, then I won't cry," said Helen; "but I love my Kitty even when she is naughty."

Just then a colored Mammy Doll came down the steps of the Doll house.

"Hello, Aunt Dinah," said Whoop-la.

"Law sakes, if it ain't Mr. Whoop-la from the Circus!" said Aunt Dinah, throwing up her hands in surprise. "However did you get back here again?"

"It's a long story, Aunt Dinah, and I will tell you all about it when I have more time; but just now I want you to meet my friends and then tell us where we can stay for a few days. We have come here to wait for Mr. Santa Claus."

"All right, Mr. Whoop-la. I'll do all I can fo' you."

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Just then a big red automobile dashed up to the house and stopped. In it was a beautiful big French Doll, dressed in pale blue silk. She smiled graciously to Whoop-la, who bowed low as he removed his hat.

"Why, Mr. Whoop-la," she said with a charming smile, "I am delighted to see you again."

"Thank you, Elise," he replied. "I want you to meet Tommy, the little boy to whom I was given for Christmas, and," pointing to Helen, "this is his little playmate, Helen, and this," taking the Marvel by the hand, "is Laloo. I love her very much, and she is to join me in the Toy Circus."

"How perfectly lovely!" said Elise extending her hand to Laloo. "Mr. Whoop-la once saved my life, so we were very good friends when he was in Toy-land. Now," turning to the rest, "I want you all to come and stay at my home, and I shall try and make you very happy while you are here."

"Again I thank you, Elise," Whoop-la replied gratefully. "You are indeed my friend."

"But I shall enjoy having you all with me," was the French Doll's gracious answer. "Aunt Dinah can

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come along with us, too, and help us to take care of Laloo."

So they were taken to her home, a beautiful place surrounded with trees.

The door was opened by a grave-looking Butler Doll.

The house was almost as complete as a real, big one. It was even lighted by electricity, while in the kitchen was a little stove with a fire in it, and upstairs were many pretty bedrooms.

Then began a whirl of excitement for the little guests. They were shown round Toyland in the red automobile, stopping at many Toy Shops, and Elise, who had taken quite a fancy to Laloo, bought her some beautiful Doll clothes. First a pretty white dress, then a warm velvet coat and a hat, so that she looked very fine indeed.

In the meantime, Fly was curiously exploring the town.

The next evening, Elise gave a dinner in honor of her little guests. Among the Dolls present were two Dutch Dolls, two Japanese Dolls, several Tin

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Soldiers from the Toy Army, a Sailor Boy Doll, some Esquimau Dolls, dressed in furs, and a lovely white Teddy Bear, who wore a red sweater.

The dinner was beautifully served, but, strange to say, the food was not real, and none of the Dolls even tried to eat it, although they seemed quite satisfied.

After the dinner a reception was held, and all the Toys in Toyland were there.

The street was full of waiting carriages and automobiles, and even a few aeroplanes and balloons were to be seen.

There was an Aviator Doll, a particular friend of Elise's, who promised to take Tommy out in his aeroplane the next day. They had quite a long talk about their flying machines.

During the evening Elise played a cute little Toy Piano while the Sailor Doll sang a lively song of the sea.

At last every one went home, and the strangers were shown to their respective bedrooms to sleep peacefully until break of day.

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The next morning while Tommy was out for a fly with the Aviator Doll, Helen, Laloo, and Whoop-la went with Elise for a sail in a pretty little boat painted blue and white.

That afternoon there was a circus parade led by a Toy Brass Band. Whoop-la was asked to march with them, much to his delight.

Elise and her guests and a few of her Toyland friends sat on the veranda and watched the parade as it went by the house. In it were all kinds of animals, from great shaggy-maned lions to tiny chocolate mice.

When Whoop-la went by with the clowns, Laloo waved and kissed her hands to him, which inspired him to turn several of his double somersaults. At this they all clapped their hands, and the French Doll threw him a bouquet, which he acknowledged with a low bow.

After the parade Whoop-la joined the party on the veranda, where Make-Believe tea was poured by Elise.

The following morning Tommy was suddenly awakened by Whoop-la.

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"Wake up," cried the clown. "Santa Claus is at the City Gate, and he has heard that we are here."

"Hooray!" shouted Tommy as he bounded out of bed. "Tell Helen and Laloo!"

Soon they were all downstairs, and Elise ordered the chauffeur to bring the automobile to the door.

Fly, who had spent the night on the roof of the house, hearing the commotion, flew down beside the waiting automobile.

At last all were tucked safely in the red car, and away they went at top speed through the town, finally landing at the City Gate.

"I must leave you here," said Elise, "for the Toys are not allowed to go outside of Toyland."

After bidding the French Doll good-bye, the children went straight to the tinsel house of the Fairy Dra.

"Please, kind Fairy," said Tommy as she appeared, "we have heard that Santa Claus is here, and we want you to make us big again so we can go home to our mothers."

"Very well," she said, waving her wand over

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them several times and muttering some queer words as she did so.

The children felt decidedly strange for a minute, and then they realized they were their natural size again.

“Well, well, well!” cried a hearty voice behind them, and turning they saw the jolliest looking little fat man imaginable. His cheeks were red as apples; his hair and beard as white as snow, and his coat was of bright red velvet, all trimmed with white fur.

“Well, well, well!” he said again. “So these are the children who want to get home.”

“Are you Santa Claus?” asked Helen.

“I certainly am,” he replied, pinching her cheek.

“Can you tell us how to get home?” inquired Tommy.

“Of course I can, young man,” was the answer, “because I go there every Christmas; but I will have to look you up in my Book before I can tell you the exact address. If you are ready to come with me, I will call my reindeer and we can be off.”

“I want my Kitty first,” said Helen.

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The Fairy Dra rapped three times with her wand, and a Tin Soldier appeared.

“Get Helen’s cat for her,” she commanded, and the soldier, saluting, walked quickly away to do her bidding.

Tommy told Santa Claus of their adventures in the aeroplane, and the jolly old fellow was very much interested, but Laloo whom he called a “real live doll,” delighted him immensely.

Then the patrol arrived with a very meek Kitty. Helen took her in her arms, while Santa Claus gave three shrill whistles, and his reindeer and sleigh appeared.

“What’ll I do with my aer’plane?” asked Tommy.

“Leave it here for the present,” replied Santa Claus. “It will be perfectly safe.”

So they were all snuggled in among the warm fur rugs, and then off the fleet-footed reindeer dashed for the home of Santa Claus, which was only a short distance from Toyland and hidden by a hill.

CHAPTER VI

SANTA CLAUS

As the reindeer sped swiftly over the snow, Tommy whispered to Helen, "I'm awful glad we met Santa Claus."

"So'm I. Isn't it all jus' too won'erful?"

Old Santa Claus overheard them, and chuckled to himself as he urged the reindeer on, faster and faster.

Soon they reached his house, a broad, low, comfortable-looking place. There a hearty welcome was given them by Mrs. Santa Claus, a roly-poly, little woman with a wonderfully sweet smile.

"Well, of all things!" she exclaimed when she saw the children. "How on earth did these youngsters get away up to the North Pole? Come right

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in out of the cold, for you are just in time for breakfast."

When Santa Claus related to her what Tommy had told him of their adventures, she was more surprised than ever.

"Goodness, gracious!" she cried. "To think of those children flying round the skies in such a reckless fashion! I should think their mothers would be worried to death."

"That's what I'm 'fraid of," explained Tommy, "but mother doesn't know that we were flying. We did try to go home, but we got lost."

"Well, that's too bad," said Mrs. Santa Claus kindly. "If you have been staying in Toyland, I'm sure you must be dreadfully hungry, for they have no real food there."

"I feel hungry, now that you mention it," confessed Tommy, "but we were having such a nice time in Toyland that we forgot all about eating, I guess."

"I didn't," meowed Kitty boldly. "I have suffered for the want of a bowl of milk for the last two days."

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“As for me,” cooed Fly, “I was so hungry that I foolishly ate some glass beads which a Doll Cook gave me, and I haven’t felt quite well since.”

“You shall have all you can eat now,” said Mrs. Santa Claus. “Come; we will go in to the dining room.”

Mr. Santa Claus sat at the head of the table and Mrs. Santa Claus at the foot, with Helen and Tommy on either side.

Kitty was given a big bowl of milk, and Fly some bread crumbs in the kitchen.

Mrs. Santa Claus held Lalloo on her lap and fed her, but Whoop-la sat in the corner and watched them, for, of course, he never ate anything himself.

After breakfast Santa Claus took them to his Workshop, a huge room in which were hundreds of unfinished Toys.

On a table in the corner of the room was the largest book

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the children had ever seen. It was four feet long, three feet wide, and one foot thick.

“You can play here for awhile,” said Santa Claus, “and I will look up your address in my Book. It will probably take some time.”

The children wandered round the room looking at the many curious tools, which Whoop-la explained were used in making the Toys.

Then the clown took Laloo by the hand and led her to a Toy Automobile, and away they went for a ride round the room.

Kitty spied a pretty red ball, which pleased her greatly, and she had a fine time pretending it was a mouse.

Fly, the curious, as usual, flew about the room inspecting everything.

And so the little aviators romped and played in the wonderful Workshop for fully half an hour before Santa Claus shut the Book with a slam and cried:

“Here, I have it at last! Now I will give you a Magic Compass. The needle will always point towards your home, so the only thing you must do to

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reach your destination will be to follow the direction it indicates. That is very simple."

"Thank you very much," said Tommy gratefully as Santa Claus took the Magic Compass from a shelf and fixed the needle.

Then he gave it to the boy, instructing him not to lose it, and Tommy carefully placed it in his pocket.

Picking up his tools, Santa Claus set to work on a Toy Ship that stood on the table.

"You, children, can play round here until noon-time," he said. "I have to get some work done now, but the first thing this afternoon I will start you on your way home."

Tommy and Helen found it much more fun to watch Santa Claus work, so they perched themselves on each end of his table.

"Say, Santy," said Tommy, "do you know, once I got up out of bed on Christmas eve to try and see you?"

"Yes, I remember," laughingly said the jolly old fellow. "When I came down the chimney, there you were asleep on the floor, and I lifted you very gently in my arms and put you back in your bed."

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"Did you really do that?" inquired Tommy.

"Yes sir, I did," he replied still laughing.

"O, Santy Claus," cried Helen, suddenly jumping from the table and taking him coaxingly by the hand, "won't you stop working now and tell us a wonderful story?"

"Well, bless my soul, I suppose I will have to! All my life, for thousands and thousands of years, I have lived just to please the children."

Then he sat down in a big chair, and Tommy and Helen climbed onto his lap.

"What shall it be about?" he asked.

"I know," said Whoop-la, stopping the automobile in front of the chair; "tell them about the battle the Toys had before Christmas this year."

"Yes, yes, that is a good story," said Santa Claus, and then he began:

"About a month ago —"

"You shouldn't begin that way," broke in Helen. "All good stories begin with—'Once upon a time.'"

"You ought not to interrupt," said Tommy.

"She is right," chuckled Santa Claus. "So — once

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upon a time there were a great many Toys in the Workshop; a few were finished but most of them were not. Among the finished ones were some Tin Soldiers eager for battle. Now, they were all very much in love with a beautiful French Doll, but although she was truly exquisite she was decidedly vain and frivolous, and disliked remaining in the Workshop where no one could see or admire her except the Unfinished Toys and a few Tin Soldiers. So one day she said to the Soldiers:

“If you really love me, take me away from this place. Take me to the beautiful City of Toyland!”

“Now, all the Soldiers would have been glad to be broken for her sake, so she had no sooner said this than they began to make plans for her escape.

“That night, when Mrs. Santa Claus and myself were asleep, the soldiers gathered together all the Toys in the Workshop and started off for the City of Toyland, the French Doll riding in state in a large red automobile.

“As they neared the city, the Toyland Soldiers in the Fort saw them coming and went out to meet

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the Strangers. Seeing that they were not escorted by me and that they were in an unfinished condition, the Captain suspected that something was wrong, and bade them halt. But the Toys continued on their way, paying no attention to the command of the Captain. This so enraged him that he told them he would order his soldiers to fire upon them if they did not obey him. Then the French Doll asked her soldiers to stop, and she majestically stepped from her car. Walking up to the Toyland Captain, she asked him if she might enter the city alone.

“Now one of the rules which I had made for the Toys was that no New Toy should be allowed to enter Toyland without being brought there by myself, and the Captain was, of course, familiar with this rule. But the great beauty of the French Doll so dazzled him that he gave her permission to live in Toyland, although her escorts were positively barred out by his orders.

“Several of the soldiers from the Workshop begged her to plead with the Captain to allow them to enter also, but now that she had her desire, she

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merely laughed at them and walked away on the arm of the Toyland Captain.

“Her ingratitude so angered the Workshop Soldiers that they then and there decided to raid the city and capture the French Doll at all costs. They madly charged, regardless of consequences, and so hard was the fight they made that it was not long before possession of the French Doll was regained.

“But the Toyland Captain now desired her as much as did the Workshop Soldiers, so he and his men made a counter charge, and a great battle ensued. For hours they fought, while the poor French Doll was in the midst of it. During the battle her gorgeous clothes were torn and spoiled; her magnificent blond wig was lost, and she became a very unlovely sight.

“Finally, Toyland won and drove the Workshop Soldiers back, but when they discovered the French Doll in her dilapidated condition, they forgot that she had been a great beauty. It even made them quite angry with themselves for fighting such a hard battle over the now unsightly looking Doll. So the Toyland Captain called to the retreating soldiers to come

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back and take her with them, but when the Workshop Toys saw the French Doll, they began to laugh at her, as she had done at them before. They said they did not want her now, for she was only fit to live in the Home of Discarded Toys. And so she was left lying all alone in the snow. The Workshop Soldiers even took her automobile back home with them while the other soldiers returned to Toyland.

“Whoop-la, this same clown of yours, Tommy, was living in Toyland at this time, and when he heard the story of the French Doll and the battle, he felt very sorry for her, although he realized that she had intended to desert her friends and that in a way she deserved what she received. Unseen by any one, he climbed the city wall, and finally found her lying in the snow, helpless and alone. Whoop-la told her he was her friend and had come to help her. His kindness touched her, for those who had been ready to do her bidding when she was beautiful, had left her to her fate now that she was no longer lovely. Then and there the French Doll vowed that she would never be heartless or vain again, and would always do what

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was the right thing and be kind to every one.

“The next morning when I went into the Workshop, there stood all the Toys except the French Doll; but what a difference! They were so badly battered up that at first I decided to send them all to the Home of Discarded Toys. I couldn’t imagine what had happened to them. Mrs. Santa Claus advised me to mend them, which I did, working on them all that day.

“My wife was broken-hearted when we discovered the loss of the French Doll, for she had taken a great deal of trouble in making her clothes. She confided to me that she always had feared the Doll’s vanity would lead her to do something foolish.

“That evening when we were sitting in front of the fire, and I was comfortably smoking my pipe, we heard a tap, tap, tap on the door. Mrs. Santa Claus got up and opened the door, and there stood Whoop-la and the French Doll. My wife did not recognize her at all until Whoop-la explained the circumstances and told us of the battle of the Toys.

“The next day we put a new wig on the French Doll and Mrs. Santa Claus made some new clothes for

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her, for we realized that she had learned her lesson and would never be selfish and vain again.

“Now she lives in Toyland, where every one loves her dearly. Her name is Elise.”

“The same Elise we knew in Toyland?” asked Helen.

“The same one,” spoke up Whoop-la.

“That was a perfe'tly lovely story.”

“I'd like to have seen that battle,” remarked Tommy.

Just then Mrs. Santa Claus looked in at the door and laughingly said:

“It's a mighty good thing that you don't have children coming to see you every day, Santy, or you never would get any Toys made for them.”

“Oh, he jus' told us the mos' excitin' story,” said Helen.

“Well, I'm sure he enjoyed it as much as you did,” chuckled Mrs. Santa Claus. “Now it is time for you all to come to luncheon.”

“Me, too?” meowed Kitty expectantly.

“Yes, you, too, Kitty,” replied Mrs. Santa Claus.

CHAPTER VII

ALL ABOARD FOR HOME

After the luncheon the little aviators prepared to start, for, as Mrs. Santa Claus said "they must reach home before dark!"

"She's jus' a nice grandmotherly sort of person," Helen confided to Tommy.

"Yes, that's it," he agreed.

At last they were all bundled into the sleigh, after bidding Mrs. Santa Claus a regretful good-bye, and were on their way to Toyland to get Tommy's aeroplane.

There they found it just outside the city, where it had been left upon their arrival from the Sun.

"Now," said Santa Claus, "do you youngsters know what I am going to do?"

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“No; what is it?” they asked curiously.

“I’m going to let you fill your aeroplane with Toys from Toyland to take home with you.”

“O Mr. Santa Claus,” cried Helen in an ecstasy of delight, “I jus’ think you’re the loveliest man ’maginable.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” Santy laughed heartily, “you are a funny little girl.”

“Gee, that’s mighty fine of you!” said Tommy.

“That’s all right, young man. I always like to do things for good children. Now, tell me what you want,” he said, taking from his pocket a pad and pencil.

“I want a doll—” spoke up Helen. “And, O Mr. Santa Claus, could I—could I have that beau’ful French Doll, ’Lise? She and Laloo are such good friends,” she pleaded.

“Yes, you may have her,” he answered, writing it down. “What else do you want?”

“Could I have her auto’bile and her piano, and her bedroom set, and the Aunt Dinah Doll, and a cute little brass bed for Laloo, and a big comfy chair, and a trunk, and a lot of clothes for her, and a big white

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Teddy Bear, and a brown Teddy Bear, and — and —”

“Hold on, there,” cried Santa Claus; “let’s see what Tommy wants!”

“I want a warship most of all, but I’m not particular ’bout anythin’ else ’cept an air gun.”

“All right,” said Santa Claus. “I’ll have them sent out to you.”

Calling the Tin Captain to his side, he talked to him in an undertone.

The Captain then summoned ten of his soldiers, whom he sent into Toyland to gather together the Toys.

Tommy, in the meantime, was getting his aeroplane in readiness for the homeward fly, while Helen was busily engaged telling Santa Claus of the many things she wanted on the following Christmas.

“And don’t forget Laloo,” she added.

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“All right; I won’t forget,” promised Santa Claus.

“Oh, look!” cried Whoop-la, suddenly pointing in the direction of the city, where a crowd of Dolls and several Toy express wagons filled with Toys were slowly making their way toward the children.

It did not take the soldiers and Santa Claus long to put them all in the aeroplane.

“Say, Santy,” said Tommy, “I think I should like a few of those Tin Soldiers, too.”

“All right, my boy; you may have a dozen of them.”

After these were placed among the other Toys, Tommy called, “All aboard!”

“Wait,” said Helen; “I must kiss dear Santy good-bye.”

Santa Claus laughed merrily as she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

“Dear, darling Santy,” she cried, “here are two big kisses all for you, and a big one for Mrs. Santa.”

“Thank you, you little cherub,” he said, putting her beside Tommy in the aeroplane. “Now go ’long with you!”

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“Good-bye, Tommy,” he continued, shaking the little fellow warmly by the hand. “Remember the Magic Compass, and be sure and go straight home.”

“All right, sir,” said Tommy, starting the machine. “All aboard! Good-bye!”

After running a few yards along the ground on its wheels, the aeroplane sailed high into the air and away from Toyland.

“May I hold the Magic Compass, Tommy?” asked Helen. “Then you can always see it.”

“Here it is,” he said, handing it to her. “Now, be sure and don’t drop it.”

“I won’t,” promised Helen, holding it very carefully.

Straight in the direction the compass needle pointed flew the aeroplane at full speed.

Elise, dressed in black velvet and ermine furs, sat on Helen’s lap beside Laloo. The Tin Soldiers, Teddy Bears, and the rest of the Toys, were scattered all over the aeroplane.

Suddenly a most unfortunate thing happened. Helen, while making Laloo more comfortable, dropped

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the Magic Compass, and it fell from the aeroplane.

“O Helen!” cried Tommy in dismay. “Now see what you have done!”

But even as he spoke there was a snapping of wood, and the aeroplane broke almost in half, while with a loud crash the engine exploded, and the Toys were scattered in all directions. Tommy felt himself falling down, down, down—

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“Wake!” cried Tommy’s father, shaking him.

Tommy opened his eyes in amazement and found himself before the grate fire in his own home.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes in a dazed fashion, for on the floor beside him was Whoop-la staring unblinkingly at the ceiling, and there was his little aeroplane unbroken and perfect, just as it was when he took it from the Christmas tree.

“What’s the matter, son?” asked Tommy’s mother kneeling down beside him.

“Mother, dear,” he said, taking her hand, “did you worry about me while I was away in ‘THE MAGIC AEROPLANE?’”